



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

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POPULAR TALES.

From the Jourdan Courier.

THE REPEATER.

Travelling through the beautiful village of A——, in another county, some two or three years since, fatigue compelled me to stop for the next stage; the busy hum of the village, as I sauntered through the principal street, seemed for a moment to transport me in imagination to the metropolis, where I had for years resided. The street was crowded with teams, and the side-walk presented bustle and activity in the persons who passed and repassed—my eye caught a crowd in the busiest part of the street, where a red flag was displayed, bearing the label 'Auction this day.'—I soon mingled with the mass that had gathered together, and stood listening to the volubility of the Auctioneer, admiring the smoothness of his tongue as he descanted in praise of the articles which he exposed for sale, when suddenly I was attracted by the conversation of two youths who stood near me.

'O, if it does not bring enough, what will our poor mother do,' sorrowfully, and in a soft tone, said one of them.

'I hope it will!—see brother, our sister stands by the corner anxiously waiting,' replied the other.

I turned my eyes in the direction of theirs and saw an interesting girl, neatly clad, impatiently walking backwards and forwards, every now and then anxiously looking towards the crowd, which her modesty prevented from drawing nearer. Soon my attention was drawn to the youths again, by one of them exclaiming 'O there it is,' and his face brightened with smiling and eager looks.

I turned towards the Auctioneer—he held in his hand a repeating watch, and the bidding began from the crowd. I watched the countenances of the youths:—As the bids rose they were lighted up with joy,—but, as the Auctioneer dwelt, and appeared several times on the point of striking it off, their countenance fell, and I could perceive the tears start in

their eyes. I became unusually interested in the sale of this article, and noticed one particular bidder, a young man, who stood near: he waited with caution until just as the hammer was descending, and then raised upon the price repeatedly. At every rise the youths clasped their little hands with joy, and strained their eyes with intenseness upon the Auctioneer, while occasionally they turned with joyful looks towards the sister down the street.

Soon, however, a gentleman on horseback came trotting past the crowd and stopped a moment. At this instant I turned to look down the street towards where the girl had stood, but she was gone.

The bids on the repeater had then risen to sixty dollars,—and it was just on the point of being struck off, when the horseman requested to look at it. I watched him as it passed the crowd and was handed to him. As he received it he pressed the repeater—the sound of the bell seemed to be familiar to him,—he opened the case and his countenance underwent a change. 'One hundred dollars,' said he, and handed it back to the Auctioneer,—it stood at that price a moment, when the young man overbid him—the horseman appeared astonished; but raised on the price. Alternately they bid until one hundred and fifty dollars, the last bid, was named—it was struck off. 'Who's the bidder,' said the Auctioneer.

'I am,' said the gentleman on horseback, handing the money, and with evident joy pictured on his countenance received the watch. He was about moving from the crowd, when the young man who bid against him approached; and there was an earnestness in his looks that spoke volumes. I was not near enough to hear their conversation, but saw them move together down the street.

I then looked for the two youths but they were gone. The interest I had taken in this sale had been raised to the highest pitch, and the next day I learnt the following:—

The watch belonged to an interesting widow woman, whose husband was an officer in the army of the late war. He fell bravely de-

fending his country, leaving her with two sons and one daughter. The soldier's glory—the soldier's honour, and a few valuable trinkets, with this repeater, was all he left. Soon penury pressed hard upon the widow. In vain she and her daughter, by the industry of their needles tried to keep up appearances and live comfortable; one trinket after the other had been sold, until all was gone. The school bill for the little boys—the landlord's bill for rent—the butcher's, baker's and grocer's bill had become due, and poverty and distress stared them in the face.

In the mean time the interesting daughter of the widow had drawn around her several suitors,—one in particular—it was the young man who had with such perseverance bid for the watch. He had overheard, in one of his visits, a dialogue between the mother and daughter respecting their situation, and the resolution to expose the repeater to sale. It was with pain he heard their regrets at being compelled to part with this article, and he resolved to become the purchaser, and present it, with the price, to them. His modesty forbid his offering them assistance, or at that time to become the purchaser—he therefore waited for its exposure to sale.

His disappointment was extreme when he found the gentleman had thwarted his plans;—but he resolved to state the case,—pay the stranger his price, and still be the instrument of gladdening the hearts of those he loved.

Mrs. M—— was sitting with her children, sorrowful in heart at the parting with the repeater, which her deceased husband had, with his dying breath, consigned to a brother officer, to be conveyed to her. It was now gone from her into the hands of a stranger, as she thought; for the children had, with the rapidity of the wind, conveyed her the intelligence. Soon a rap was heard at the door, and Alfred, the young man, accompanied with the gentleman who had purchased the watch, entered the house.—The widow recognized him at a glance.

'Madam,' said he, 'I once had the melancholy pleasure of fulfilling the dying request of your husband, in delivering you this watch,—accept it again—the auctioneer has his price for it.'

Language would fail to describe the scene that took place. This gentleman, now, is father to her children.—Alfred, the husband of her daughter—and money could not now again buy the REPEATER. ALMANZOR.

Prize Tale from the Casket.

A TALE OF THE OLD COLONY,

BY HARRIET A. ALLYN.

(Concluded.)

His first letter, and who can tell how ardently it was wished for, told her that he had obtained a respectable situation in New-York. It was full of bright anticipations for the future, and tender recollections of the past.—Month chased month in their ceaseless course, and each

succeeding one brought tidings of his success in his profession, to cheer Susan in her loneliness. Yes, loneliness! for when the thoughts are absent on love's mission, what society are those around; let them be ever so gay or numerous? He was fast gaining wealth and fame, but 'tis home where'er the heart is,' and that he had not yet found. A year and a half had thus gone, and then his letters became less frequent, and Susan thought, love may be blind to failings, but oh how quick-sighted to coldness! that she could discern a difference in his manner of writing. She read them again and again. What he said was well enough. It might be chance, perhaps he was depressed in spirit, but then he wrote he was 'very successful and very happy.' 'Very successful.' Very happy! sure she ought to be pleased that he was happy, and she knew not why she was not. But he need not have said *very* happy, once he could not have been 'very happy' without her. A long time passed ere another came, and then it was to his father. The sheet was well filled, but what a disappointment to the affections are such letters! He described the city, and the characters then celebrated whom he had seen, he spoke of public affairs at some length, and merely said in a postscript, that he would have written to Susan, but business hurried him during the morning, and he was engaged to a pleasure party to Brooklyn the rest of the day.—'Business and a pleasure party,' she repeated to herself, and burst into tears. She feared that he would become involved in the dissipation of the city, that disgrace would follow, but her worst fear she could not acknowledge even to her own heart. She could not doubt his faith to her, the very thought was doing him injustice; and she resolved to banish it from her mind. His next *would* do him justice, and she looked forward to its coming with hope and anxiety. Three months, three long months of expectation and disappointment, passed, and it came. It was constrained and unhappy. Business called him to Boston, and he was coming home for a short time. Susan's heart bounded at the words 'coming home'—but oh, how fearfully it sunk at the next sentence! He was married to a young lady, rich, beautiful and accomplished; and he should bring his bride with him! She did not faint, but the color forsook her lips while she gazed on the words, to find in them some jest, some artifice, some contradiction to the obvious meaning. There was none; and it was the truth that he was married! Her uncle read the letter and exclaimed, 'Why, now I am astonished! What could ail the boy to marry a York lady, that won't do half the service of a smart, active Yankee gal, like Susan! Well, learning makes some wise, but a great many foolish; and wilful boys will have their own way, in spite of fate and their fathers.' Mrs. White was amazed, she always went one degree higher in her emotions than her husband. 'I am amazed! whoever heard of such a thing

as his leaving Susan when she'd got her linen above half made. But 'twont be lost, for there's young Winthrop will take you any day, and be glad of the chance; and a likely, pretty lad he is, too. But a city lady, rich, beautiful, and accomplished! I don't spose there'll be any thing here half smart enough for her. I'll do up my mob-cap, and make things look as well as I can, at any rate; and if she turns up her nose at the old house, she may go to a better one.' Susan's thoughts, too, were on how she could receive him. She could not meet him as she used to; she could not meet him as a mere cousin; but she thought she could meet him with cold reserve; and this last she resolved on. Mrs. White sat about preparing, and in the bustle in which she put the household, her feelings were little noticed. The day arrived in which he was expected.—Susan had placed every thing in the room as it used to be, even to the books on the table where he sat and read to her, and had seated herself by the fire, in vain telling herself to be calm. Her back was towards the window, and notwithstanding her aunt's frequent trips to look out, and exclamations of, 'I should sartinly think they would come by this time, if they were comin to-day'—she would not once suffer her eyes to look for them. But when in breathless haste, she cried 'they are come,' her work was instinctively thrown from her. She met him: and for a moment that her hand was clasped in his, wife, reserve, and all were forgotten. He passed to his father; and the bright glow of expectation faded instantly from her cheek, as the words 'my wife' fell upon her ear. She found her way to her chamber, and sank into a chair. She felt nothing, but that she was under the same roof with him; that she had seen him; that he was married. She heard his voice from below, it was the same, the voice that had ever been music to her ear. Her heart swelled with the tide of returning recollections almost to bursting. She threw herself on the bed, and bitter tears came to her relief. She rose composed; and summoning all her pride, her native dignity and her assumed reserve, she joined the family, who, in a joyous, eager group, were gathered round the returned son and brother. He did not appear to notice her entrance, and she took a seat among them. His countenance was much altered. His eye was less bright, and there were traces of care upon his fair, open brow; and on his cheek was the flush of dissipation too plain to be mistaken. She turned from him to his wife. Her features were regular and beautiful, and they were *always* regular and beautiful. Her eyes, whether she conversed or was silent, had the same downcast, pretty expression, the rose on her cheek bloomed morning and night, summer and winter, alike; and her voice had the same affected mildness and sweetness on all occasions. Her's was just the kind of beauty which Moore describes, as

—'unchangingly bright,
Like the long sunny lapse of a summer day's light,
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
Till love falls asleep in the sameness of splendor.'

She was dressed in the extreme of fashion, and with taste. Yet, as Susan watched every look and action with intense earnestness, she could not help asking where was the fascination that had been so powerful, for that any thing but greater love could have induced him to forget his early attachment, never crossed her mind. She thought, too, that she did not appear to love him as he might have been loved, and treated him rather as a protector, or travelling companion, than a companion for life. He was very lively, very talkative, and very attentive to his wife. But his laugh was changed, it seemed forced, and had nothing of the merry sound that had so often rang through the house. Evening came, a winter evening, and as she looked upon his seemingly gay and unconcerned countenance, she asked herself if it were indeed possible that he had forgotten every thing connected with the happy days of his youth, and that memory could awaken no chord in the heart that had once been so susceptible. She remembered not that Henry had been in the world's school, and had well learned its first lesson, deception.

Unable to endure a situation so trying to her feelings, she left the room, and throwing on her cloak, she sought the free air to regain her composure. She walked rapidly on, as if to flee from herself and memory. She had retraced her path but a little distance, when approaching footsteps caused her to look up, and she beheld Henry within a few yards of her. She quickened her steps, and was passing him in silence, when he caught her hand. She endeavored to withdraw it without speaking.

'Susan!' he exclaimed, in a voice of agitation, 'we have met once more, and after so long an absence, will you not speak to me?'

In vain were her endeavors to speak with calmness; the words died upon her lips. At length she replied in a tone of determined repulse, 'Are you not married?'

'I am; curses on the hour!'

'Do not curse the *hour*. Though we are separated, it was your own act; the impulse of your own heart.'

'It was not, I was forced to it by circumstances. To-morrow I shall leave this place forever. I followed you to meet you alone, and without disguise. Stay one moment, for we may never meet again!'

'And why should you wish it? The circumstances that forced you to love should have taught you to forget.'

'Forget! can the heart forget what has ever been, nay, now is, dearer to it than life! Would to God I were this moment free, and I would prove that earth has nothing which I would not sacrifice for you. Listen to me one moment.'

'Henry we can never meet as we have met. You are the husband of another; and, what ever was the cause of your union, the language

of love shall never again pass between us. I was an orphan alone in the world, you was friend, brother, every thing to me; and I repaid you with all I had to give, the undivided affection of my heart. Memory paints no scene where you were not present, no pleasure which you did not share. Perhaps I was too confiding, for I had not even a passing doubt of your truth. Then had you been in poverty or disgrace, I would have gloried in sharing it with you. But now, if you were this moment free, I would reject the hand that had once been the pledge of a vow that the heart did not acknowledge.

'Oh! Susan, you know not how much I have suffered. You do not know how great was the temptation: I was a poor adventurer and I sought friends among the wealthy and proud. I flattered them and they patronized me. I mixed with the selfish and heartless beings of a gay and dissipated circle, till I became one of them. I saw myself admired, my society courted, and I joined in their expensive pleasures, till I found myself beset with duns on every side; I fled them till I could do so no longer. I saw but one way to escape them—I married for money—yes, for money solely. Did you think I could love that piece of soulless marble?'

'And could you thus degrade yourself for wealth?'

'You have not yet heard the worst. Within one week after my marriage her father became a bankrupt, and she worth not a farthing in the world. I was forced to fly from my creditors.—Scenes like those soon hardened the heart; and I thought that I could meet even you, without more than a passing pang of regret. I thought, too, that in a world, where interest was the governing principle, your love for me, perhaps, was influenced by it: but this day has taught me that there is a love that knows no fellowship with this chilling principle. This I have forfeited forever, and my reward is to live among men where interest is the only chord that binds one being to another.'

'Enough! Henry I have heard too long—'

Susan turned from him to hide the feelings that were fast gaining the mastery over her, and without again trusting her voice to bid him farewell, she pursued her way rapidly towards home.

She retired without seeing the family, and in a short time she heard his voice below in conversation, in the same lively unconcerned tone as before he left the house.

She could not see him the following morning, and he departed, to enter on other scenes, to seek forgetfulness in dissipation, to hide an unhappy heart beneath the garment of gaiety—to be a man of the world.

Now, reader, what think you became of Susan White. For a while her voice was not heard singing around the house, her step was more thoughtful, her merry laugh rarely heard, and her cheek very pale. Her affections had been cast back upon her, and for a time she

sank under the weight; but soon, instead of indulging in vain repining and melancholy, she turned her thoughts to calm reflection. The man that was capable of so much deception could never have made her happy; and one that would sacrifice his affections, his happiness, for the gratification of pride, and the love of splendour, she could not but despise. She could be nothing to him in future. Though his love had been awakened by meeting her, she knew that in the gay and bustling scenes of active life, he would forget her, and that her name would be remembered but as a thing to be banished from his mind. She resolved to obliterate his image from her heart; to remove every thing in her power that reminded her of him. The letters he had written her she read for the last time; and, one by one, deliberately committed them to the flames. True, every word was impressed on her memory, but that was not like seeing them in his own writing. Her hand trembled as she read the last, but she cast it upon the fire. She watched their first kindling, their bright blaze, and in a moment the particles of tinder and ashes alone remained of what had caused so many joys and sorrows. 'Fit emblem, indeed!' she exclaimed, as she turned away. She next came to his gifts, mere trifles of themselves, but of what value to her heart! She had received them either as parting tokens of remembrance or in moments of peculiar happiness. Each had a little history of its own, and a train of sad, yet sweet recollections. These too, were given to the flames. She last came to a lock of his hair and a ring, a broken one. Could she part with these? She clasped them in her hand and burst into tears. Resolutions, firmness, all fled, and she thought but of Henry, the long cherished idol of her soul, his words, his looks, when he gave them to her, and her heart seemed bursting with the agonizing thought that he was lost to her forever. But the feelings once brought into subjection by reflection are easily subdued. Ashamed of her weakness, she recovered herself, and folding them in a paper, directed them to him without a word of remembrance or reproach, or even her name.

To give all these up was a hard task; it was the funeral of love, and when it was over she felt a kind of quiet relief, yet a sad vacancy in her heart. I have before said that Susan was formed to love, and now when the all engrossing object had been removed, the kind assiduities and respectful, yet tender attentions of young Winthrop at first soothed, then pleased and gratified, and finally did much towards supplying Henry's place in her thoughts. She was proud spirited, and she wished to prove to the world, that is *her* world, that she needed not the sympathy and humiliating pity, that they so freely bestowed. Not that any rejoiced in her disappointment; but those shrewd neighbors who had 'all along seen how she would come out' really pitied poor Susan; but what could she expect of a college fellow.

'Pitied!' I detest the word; what is it but another name for scorn? The hatred, the malice, the ridicule of the world, vent it on me if they will; but their 'pity!' let them reserve that for the ragged wretch, the degraded outcast by the road side, and for the reptile they inadvertently crush in their path.

Winthrop she had ever highly respected. She now felt that she could highly esteem, nay, even love him. Not with that enthusiastic love with which reason has nothing to do, for which we would sacrifice kindred, life, and every thing that makes life endurable. This she had felt for Henry, and this can never be felt but once. Her love for Winthrop was that where the heart sanctions the choice reason has made; and which oftener proves that

'Which cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,'

than the former. She married him. Say not, my dear sentimental reader, that one who had loved truly can never be happy with another; for could you have seen Susan White thirty years after, her dark tresses, dark alas! no longer, hidden beneath a neat matronly cap, seated in the midst of comfort and plenty, surrounded with a goodly number of the smiling blessings of matrimony, you would never have dreamed that her thoughtful yet pleasant countenance, had ever been shaded by the gloom of disappointed love. And you, I doubt not, would have acknowledged the part she acted much better than if she had died for love or become a maniac, conformable to the rules of romance, or sued for 'breach of promise,' conformable to the rules of modern practice.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Rural Repository.

'If ev'ry one's internal care,
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who raise our envy now!'—

Discontent is one of the prominent features in the character of man. Naturally restless and ambitious, he is constantly straining forward to the accomplishment of new designs and new purposes, the attainment of which he fondly imagines will add greatly to his happiness or his comfort. His schemes may be often successful, but success does not bring ease and quietness. 'On wishes, wishes grow'—and one accomplished, others spring up in a four-fold ratio, clamorous for their own advancement, and distress, inquietude and perplexity are ever their sure attendants.

Numberless are the causes which minister to the unhappiness of men; and each one corroded by his own peculiar and internal woes, falls far short of perfect happiness. But man is a social being—he goes forth into the world all cheerfulness and gaiety, and artfully conceals the canker that is gnawing at the tendrils of his heart. His free and spirited converse, seemingly unalloyed by any of the woes that embitter life, adds, it may be, much

to the comfort and enjoyment of others, while he, in his solitude and his loneliness, may be overwhelmed by all the wretchedness of despair. Buried within the darkness of his own sorrowing bosom, lies that anguish which the world may not know; his breast is, indeed, the very charnel house of woe, while by the unthinking world he is pronounced a happy man—

Distress and misfortune in whatever way they may be manifested, will always excite an emotion of sympathetic sorrow in the feeling breast—but I know of nothing more calculated to awaken all the tenderness of our nature than to see the young and the lovely in the fair and sunny morn of life, sinking like a stricken fawn, under the accumulated load of blighted hopes and ruined affections. We are, surely, abundantly forewarned not to expect too much from this world's favour, when we see, upon every hand, the disappointed aspirant, brooding in all the bitterness of his heart, over his crushed hopes and unanswered expectations. We may go forth into the world, and hear the silvery laugh ringing out its sound of joyousness, we may hear the shout of thoughtless merriment, we may meet, at every turn, the brightening smile, the placid countenance, and the apparently happy unconcernment of the busy, or the idle throng with whom we may chance to mingle; and our cares, our own troubles and perplexities will press upon us with a tenfold weight. We look with envious wonder upon the good fortune and happiness of our fellows, and in the bitterness of our self-created agony, curse the load of wretchedness and of misery which, of all the world, appears to be heaped upon us alone.—But let us go again, and remove the covering from the whited sepulchre. Let us but enter the sanctuary of each one's retirement and behold the sorrowing inmate, with all his cares, anxieties, troubles, disappointments and misfortunes about him. Where now is that gaiety, that envied air of happiness and contentment? Exchanged for darkling gloom, and sullen despondency. We now witness the intense agony and the wasting anguish, which weigh so heavily upon the bursting heart of him whose *happiness* and *good fortune* were but a moment before the objects of our envy. Compassion now takes the place of every other feeling; the load of heaviness which had so long rested upon our hearts, now passes off, and we return to our homes with something like a feeling of contentment.

This subject would admit of great amplification, but I forbear, remarking only in conclusion, that rarely will any one be found so completely wretched, as to be willing to exchange conditions with his fellow; and if the 'internal care' of each one were, indeed, 'written on his brow,' instead of envying the good fortune, or cursing the wayward actions of those with whom we may chance to associate, we should ever be ready to pity and forgive.

OSMAR.

A LOTTERY DREAM.

'What has my ticket drawn?' said a fat old lady the other morning, who had been dreaming, all night of the highest prize.

'It is a blank ma'am.'

'A blank!' exclaimed the good woman, looking desperately blank herself. 'A blank! did you say?'

'Ay, ma'am, I said a blank.'

'Are you quite sure it's a blank?'

'I'm sorry to say, it is positively a blank?'

'So, so! then I've dreamed wrong—that's all. But are you sure it is a blank? I wish you would be kind enough to look again.'

'Certainly, ma'am, to convince you.'

'That's a good soul. Now aint it a prize?'

'I wish I could say it was for your sake. But I must pronounce again—it's a blank.'

'A blank! he? I'll never trust your lotteries again as long as I live.'

'Perhaps you will be more fortunate another time.'

'No! If I ever was going to draw any thing, I should have done it this time, for I dreamed three nights handrunning that I should draw the highest prize; and now it's nothing but a rotten blank. No! I'll never trust your lotteries any more.'

'But madam, it was the next lottery your dream was about I presume, instead of the last, which you know alters the case materially.'

'Well, so it does; now I recollect, it must be the next lottery, and I'll take two tickets, if you please.'

The blank in the lady's countenance changed to smiles and she went home as full of confidence as ever in lotteries and dreams.

CHANGE OF RINGS.

Two lovers bound themselves by mutual faith, to separate during the latter part of the seven years war, or as long as the lady's lover, an officer, chose to serve, or the campaign lasted; they agreed however, to consider themselves engaged, and swore an inviolable constancy. This affair was signified on the rings, and the initials of the words engraved on each. On the ring of the lady, which she gave to the officer, were the following letters:

A. I. L. T. N. A. F. A.

Alas! I languish truly; now adored friend adieu.

On the ring which the gentleman gave to the lady;

H. T. F. A. T. P. E.

Hold thy faith and thy pains endure.

After an absence of eighteen months the officer returned, in expectation of marrying the lady, but she was wedded to another. He reproached her for her infidelity, but he was received with great coldness and abusive railery.—On his mentioning the ring and the initials on it, she desired him with an insulting smile, to read the letters backwards on the ring she had given him, viz:

Adieu! for aye, no true lover is absent.

At this he was so enraged that he begged

the same favour of her, to read his ring in adverse order likewise, and she would find a true signification, viz:

Egregious perfidy, thou art false, thou huzzy!

House of reformation.—A person living not thirty miles from Boston, hearing that one of his neighbors had killed an ox, and thinking that a piece of the sirloin would make a good Sunday's dinner, called a companion, and proceeded, after the family had retired to rest, to the barn where the ox hung suspended, with a stick between the flanks in the usual way. It was agreed that he should mount the cross stick and cut away, whilst the other kept watch. He had scarcely commenced operations when the stick slipped from under him, the ribs closed in, and fairly locked him inside the carcass, his arms extended above his head and his feet projecting from the neck of the animal. His companion fled, leaving the prisoner to be released from his confinement by the owner of the ox, who, upon opening his barn at sunrise, greeted him with a hearty 'Good morning.'

An Englishman, having once done a Frenchman some small favor, the Frenchman who had a fine hunter, politely offered him the use of it; a short time afterwards the Englishman went to his house in order to borrow his horse. I can't lend him out, said the Frenchman, why, returned John Bull, no later than last week you told me he was at my service, whenever I thought proper to use him; Oh sare, replied the Frenchman, you are welcome to de compliment, but you cannot have de horse.

MISTER HOGDEN WITH AN O.

Some years since, there lived in New-York a lawyer of some distinction, named Ogden, who having one morning hired an Irish servant, sent him to the post office to inquire if there were any letters. Says Pat to the clerk, 'is there any letters here for Mister Hogden?' The clerk looked over the h's, and finding none, sent the servant away; and this was repeated two or three mornings in succession till his master, surprised, as he was daily in the custom of receiving a considerable number of letters, went himself to the post office, where he found a large bundle of letters, which had been on hand two or three days waiting for him. On returning home, he called his servant, and gave him a severe rating, for so neglecting his business. 'An' sure,' says Pat, 'didn't I hask for Misther Hogden, and didn't he tell me to go about my business, for there warnt any? Sure enough your honor's name is Misther Hogden?' 'Pooh, pooh!' exclaimed the master, 'not Hogden, but Ogden—not Hogden with an H but Ogden with an O. Now see if you can do better next time.' The servant went next morning saying, 'Is there any letters for Mister Hogden?' The clerk looking over the h's again answered 'No.' 'Sure, now,' says Pat, 'it's not Mister Hogden with a haitch,

but Mister Hogden with a *Ho!* This explained the matter, and Pat got the letters, and highly delighted took them home to his master.—*Prov. Pat.*

Names.—Mr. Bearcroft said to his friend Vansittart, 'your name is such a confounded long one, I shall drop the *sittart*, and call you Van.' 'Very well,' replied the other, 'I shall drop the *croft*, and call you bear.'

Some mischievous wags, one night pulled down a Turner's sign and put over a Lawyer's door; in the morning it read, all sorts, of 'Turning and twisting done here.'

Anecdote.—The facetious Ben Barrett, well known to every body in this county as a lover of fun and whiskey, while standing on the wharf in Albany, a great while ago, offered to 'bet a dollar that he could throw a man across the Hudson to Greenbush.' A bystander accepted the bet; when Ben immediately seized and plunged him into the river. After some little exertion, he got ashore, and demanded the stakes.—'Why,' says Ben, 'I didn't succeed the first time; but I'll try a hundred times if I don't do it without.'—*Ind Politician.*

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1831.

'GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA.'

Notwithstanding the occasional struggles of Winter for empire, as he sees his throne melting from under him, and altho', in his anger and disdain, he now and then spits a cloud of snow over young Spring, checking her grateful ardor and convulsing her with chills; still we think the prospect is very fair for early vegetation and fine weather. The bosom of the broad Hudson is again enlivened with navigation. The Steamboats have commenced plying with their accustomed regularity, and to us on the banks of the river, nothing is more cheering than the sight of the first boat, after the tedious seclusion of the Season of Storms.

VOLUME EIGHT OF THE RURAL REPOSITORY, Or Bower of Literature;

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On commencing a new volume the publisher pledges himself to his patrons that his unremitting endeavours shall be exerted to meet their expectations. The Repository will continue to be conducted on the same plan and afforded at the same convenient rate, which he has reason to believe has hitherto given it so wide a circulation; and such a durable and flattering popularity as has rendered it a favourite and amusing visitor during the seven years of its publication. As its correspondents are daily increasing and several highly talented individuals with the benefit of whose literary labours he has not heretofore been favoured, and whose writings would reflect honour upon any periodical, have engaged to contribute to its columns, he flatters himself that their communications and the prizes offered below, together with the best periodicals of the day, with which he is regularly supplied, will furnish him with ample materials for enlivening its pages with that variety expected in works of this nature.

It must be acknowledged that the Repository is one of the cheapest journals extant. Arrangements have been made to have the engravings executed by the best artists. A fine view of the City of Hudson, the River and surrounding Scenery will accompany the first number.

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

The publisher of the RURAL REPOSITORY desirous of presenting his patrons with original matter worthy the extensive patronage hitherto received, of encouraging literary talent and of exciting a spirit of emulation among his old correspondents, and others who are in the habit of writing for the various periodicals of the day, is induced to offer the following Premiums, which he flatters himself they will consider deserving of their notice.

For the best ORIGINAL TALE (to occupy not less than three pages of the Repository) \$20.

For the second best, the Tokens for 1830 and 31, and the third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository, handsomely bound.

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For the second best, the Atlantic Souvenir for 1831, and the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository, handsomely bound.

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Communications intended for the prizes must be directed (*post paid*) to William B. Stoddard, Hudson, N. Y. and forwarded previous to the first of July next—each enclosing a sealed envelope of the name and residence of the writer, which will not be opened, except attached to a piece entitled to one of the prizes. The merits of the pieces will be determined by a Committee of Literary Gentlemen selected for the purpose. The money offered above will be transmitted to the successful competitors by mail, and the books sent to New-York, Albany, Troy, or Hartford, free of expense, and left at any place in either of those cities, they may designate, subject to their respective orders.

CONDITIONS.

The Rural Repository will be published every other Saturday, on Super Royal paper of a superior quality, and will contain twenty-six numbers, of eight pages each, besides four plates, a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole, 212 pages, Octavo. It shall be printed in handsome style, on a good and fair type, making a neat and tasteful volume at the end of the year, containing matter, that will be instructive and profitable for youth in future years.

The Eighth Volume (Fourth Volume New Series) will commence on the 4th of June next, at the low rate of One Dollar per annum, payable in all cases in advance. Those who will forward us Five Dollars free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person who will remit us Sixteen Dollars, shall receive twenty copies for one year—reducing the price to Eighty Cents per volume; and any person who will remit Twenty Dollars, shall receive Twenty Five copies and a set of *Sturm's Reflections* for every Day in the year, handsomely bound. All the previous volumes, except the first and second, will be furnished to those who obtain subscribers, at the same rate. No subscription received for less than one year.

Names of the Subscribers with the amount of the subscriptions to be sent by the 15th of June, or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher, William B. Stoddard, No. 135, corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson, N. Y.

March 26, 1831.

Editors, who will give the above a few insertions, shall receive the third or the sixth volume, as a compensation, and the next in exchange; those, who consider the whole too long for insertion, and wish to exchange only, are respectfully requested to publish the part relating to premiums, give the rest at least a passing notice, and receive Subscriptions.

SUMMARY.

Chronometer.—A splendid piece of workmanship is exhibited by Mr. Mott, at his store in Pearl-street, in the form of a full-jewelled chronometer clock of uncommon dimensions. The American Institute awarded a premium to it as being the best finished article of the kind ever seen in the United States. As an object of curiosity it is well worthy attention.

New Lamp.—A lamp has lately been invented in Lincoln, England, which, it is said, is much less expensive than those now in use, while it emits a more brilliant flame. It burns spirits of tar.—*J. B.*

The editor of the Washington Globe has issued proposals for the publication of that paper as a daily journal.

Mr. Jenks, formerly of the Boston Bulletin, has now the editorial conduct of the New-York Evening Journal.

MARRIED.

At Ghent, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. J. Burger, Mr. Philip C. Shaver, of Hillsdale, to Miss Rebecca E. Pultz of the former place.

At Athens, by the Rev. Mr. Van Cleef, on Wednesday afternoon, the 23d inst. Mr. Henry Rouse to Miss Ann M. Stitt both of that place.

At Taughkanick, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Slayter, Doct. Stephen H. Platner, to Miss Emeline Tanner, both of Taughkanick.

At Claverack, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Slayter. Mr. Josiah Warner, of Kingston, to Miss Eleanor Colvill, of this city.

At Stanford, Dutchess Co. Mr. William Sutherland, of Chatham, to Miss Sarah Thompson.

At New-York Mills, Whitestown, on Wednesday the 9th inst. by the Rev. Andrew Pock, Mr. James Nixon Austin, late of this city, to Miss Hetty Traver of the former place.

At Boston, on the 11th inst. Mr. Cyrus Conant, of New-York, formerly of Stow, Mass. to Miss Adelia Emmons Edwards.

At Troy, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Butler, Mr. Walter M. Webb, Merchant, of Williamsburgh, Va. to Miss Julia Frances, daughter of Mr. John Converse.

DIED.

In this city, on the 19th inst. Algenett M. daughter of Merick Shearer, aged 4 years.

In Pittsfield, Mass. Caroline, only child of the Rev. Henry F. Tappan.



POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

A SKETCH.

Disease had laid him prostrate, and the sands
Of life were ebbing fast—his heated blood
Coursed fiercely thro' his veins, and all of earth
Was fading from his vision, pallid death
Was crawling in upon his vitals, dark
Phantoms flitted o'er his brain—his glassy
Eye rolled wildly, listlessly around,
The deep heart-probing groan came shrieking forth,
Drawn out by his intense, hot pulsed agony;
The delirious start, the hideous scream
The frantic bound, bespoke the sundering
Stroke at hand.—He fell, e'en in the freshness
Of his ardent, aspiring youthfulness,
He fell, but not alone. Affection's eye,
Eloquent with grief, softened into tears,
And anguish kindled in the hearts of all.
But there was *one* who shed no tears—the briny
Fount was sealed, the consuming agony
Of her soul had dried the outward show of grief,
And there, with all her fading loveliness
About her, she stood, despair's pale statue.
The shrine of her idolatry was broken,
And on its ruins she threw her bleeding
Heart a sacrifice. O, she was lovely!—
The rich and tender beauty of her eye,
The clustering of her golden curls upon
Her stainless brow, the new fledged blush, that ever
Sported on her virgin cheek—the scarlet
Lip, distilling Hybla's treasured sweets,
Portrayed her, what she was, a thornless rose.
Her smile was love, her voice was melody,
Her heart the throne of purity and truth.
But, ah! that lovely flower was withered!
The adored of her soul had fallen—
The starless night of desolation had
Come over her, the world's dark wilderness
Was before her, a loveless solitude.
Her spirit broke, her hopes extinguished,
She gazed, and gazed upon her lover's death-
Clad visage—o'erpow'ed, she sunk beside him,
Planted a burning, frenzied kiss upon
His gelid brow, and sighed her life out, o'er
His unconscious form—Thus let the constant
Live, thus let them die—Serene they sleep in death,
The wild rose lifts its modest head above
Their lowly bed, and throws its fragrance o'er
Departed worth and beauty.—

OSMAR.

THE OCEAN.

The following fine verses, on a truly sublime and poetic subject, are from an Irish Magazine.

Likeness of Heaven!
Agent of power!
Man is thy victim,
Shipwrecks thy dower!
Spices and jewels
From valley and sea,
Armies and banners,
Are buried in thee!
What are the riches
Of Mexico's mines,
To the wealth that far down
In thy deep waters shines?
The proud navies that cover
The conquering west—

Thou fling'st them to death
With one heave of thy breast!
From the high hills that view
Thy wreck-making shore,
When the bride of the mariner
Shrieks at thy roar;
When, like lambs in the tempest,
Or mews in the blast,
O'er thy ridge broken billows
The canvass is cast—

How humbling to one
With a heart and a soul,
To look on thy greatness
And list to its roll:
To think how that heart
In cold ashes shall be,
While the voice of Eternity
Rises from thee!

Ah! where are the cities
Of Thebes and of Tyre?
Swept from the nations
Like sparks from the fire!
The glory of Athens,
The splendour of Rome,
Dissolved—and forever—
Like dew in thy foam.

But thou art almighty,
Eternal—sublime—
Unwearied—unwasted—
Twin-brother of Time!
Fleets, tempests nor nations
Thy glory can bow;
As the stars first beheld thee,
Still chainless art thou!
But hold, when thy surges
No longer shall roll,
And that firmament's length
Is drawn back like a scroll;
Then—then shall the spirit
That sighs by thee now,
Be more mighty—more lasting,
More chainless than thou.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Cupola-board—Cup-board.

PUZZLE II.—Because it keeps you dry.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

My first is what an office-seeker claims,
But sometimes loses in his strife;
My second is the record of those names
Which mem'ry often brings to life;
My whole is always read.

II.

My first denotes my constant place
My second what I'm made of,
My whole is useful in a room
Where eating's made a trade of.

SHAKERS' GARDEN SEEDS.

For sale at A. Stoddard's Bookstore.

The Public are respectfully informed that these seeds were raised the last season, by the United Society, at New-Lebanon, whose seeds have generally proved superior to any brought to this market, and are warranted to be as good as any sold in this state.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

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